TOMB OF DRACULA
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THE TOMB OF
DRACULA
LORD OF VAMPIRES!
COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE
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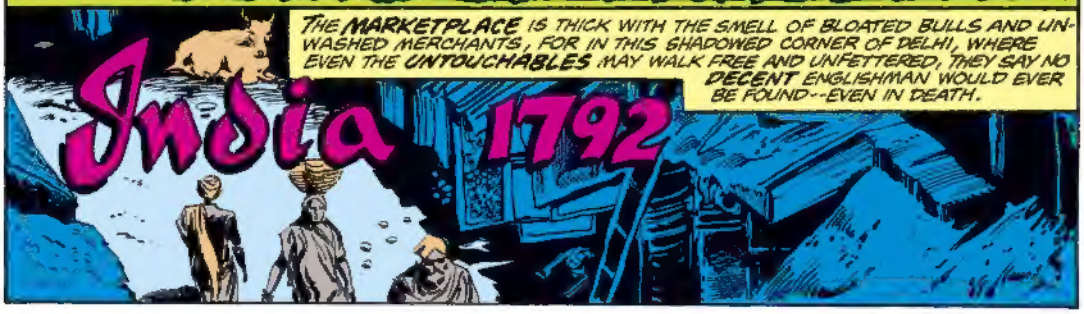
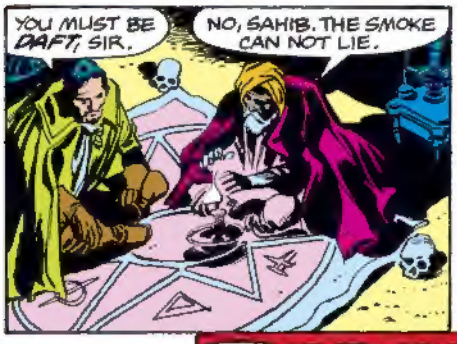
TONIGHT, A LIFETIME OF BEING HUNTED BY YOU ENDS, HARKER--
--WITH YOUR DEATH!
WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES, A GREATER MENACE GROWS--
THE FOREVER MAN!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die*. Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

STAN LEE PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!**


India 1792
THE MARKETPLACE IS THICK WITH THE SMELL OF BLOATED BULLS AND UNWASHED MERCHANTS, FOR IN THIS SHADOWED CORNER OF DELHI, WHERE EVEN THE UNTOUCHABLES MAY WALK FREE AND UNFETTERED, THEY SAY NO DECENT ENGLISHMAN WOULD EVER BE FOUND--EVEN IN DEATH.



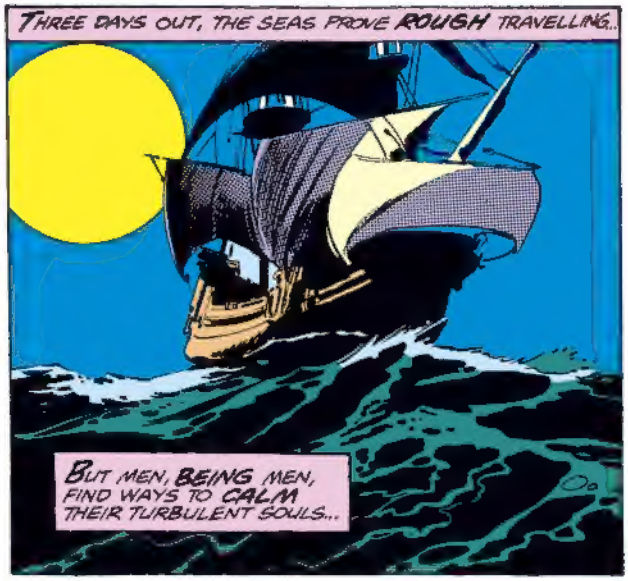
YOU HAVE HAD OTHER LIVES, YOU WILL CONTINUE TO LIVE.
AND EACH TIME YOU DIE, YOU WILL RETURN-- UNTIL THE TIME YOU MEET THE DEAD MAN.

THE FOREVER MAN!
WITH ALLAH'S WARNING, AVOID THIS ONE, SAHIB. FOR HE SHALL BE THE DEADLY OMEN WHICH WILL END THE ETERNAL EXISTENCE OF--

Marv Wolfman / writer / editor — Gene Colan & Tom Palmer / artist — John Costanza / letterer — Glynis Wein / colorist

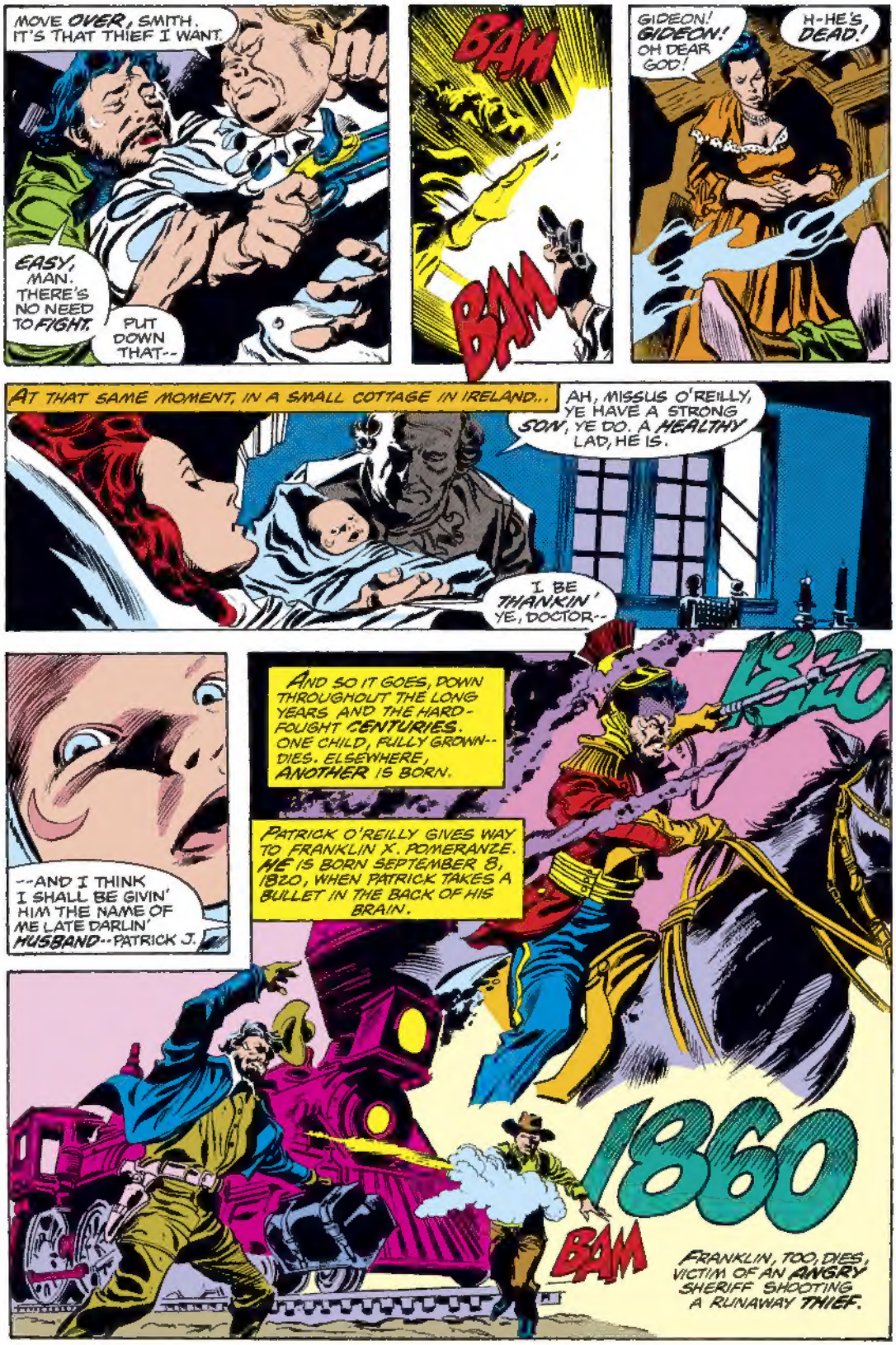
THIS IS SHEER VOODOO, FAKIR. I CAN NOT BRING MYSELF TO BELIEVE IT.
YET YOU RISKED THE STREETS OF THE UNTOUCHABLES, YOU CAME HERE TO HEAR MY HUMBLE WORDS.
IS IT BECAUSE YOU EVER-SO-VAGUELY REMEMBER A PAST EXISTENCE? DO YOU POSSESS EVEN THE MOST FLEETING MEMORY OF ANOTHER LIFE?
YES, SAHIB, EVEN THE SIGN OF THE CRESCENT MOON UPON YOUR CHEEK MARKS THE TRUTH OF MY WORDS.
AND SOMEDAY, SAHIB, IN SOME OTHER LIFE, YOU WILL BELIEVE ME. THAT, TOO, I SEE.

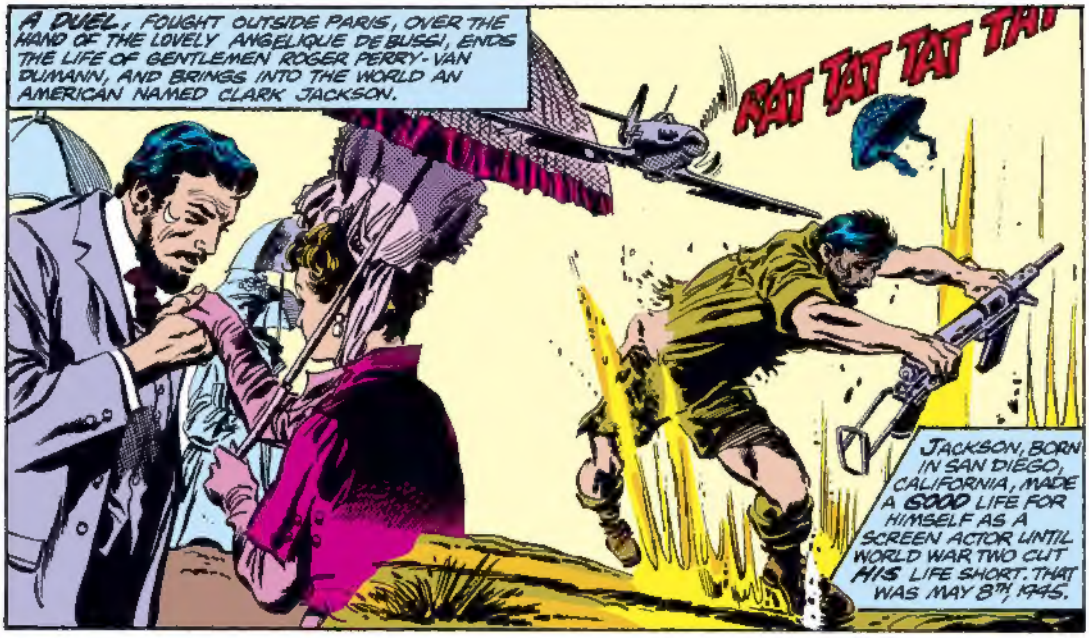
SHORTLY..
GIDEON, YOU LOOK DISTURBED. IS SOMETHING WRONG?
THE OLD FAKIR INSISTS I HAVE BEEN REINCARNATED. A MAD FOOL. ALMOST AS CRAZED AS I AM FOR COMING HERE.
FORGET HIM, GIDEON. TONIGHT WE SET SAIL FOR HOME, AND THESE FILTHY PEOPLE WILL BE ONLY MEMORIES.

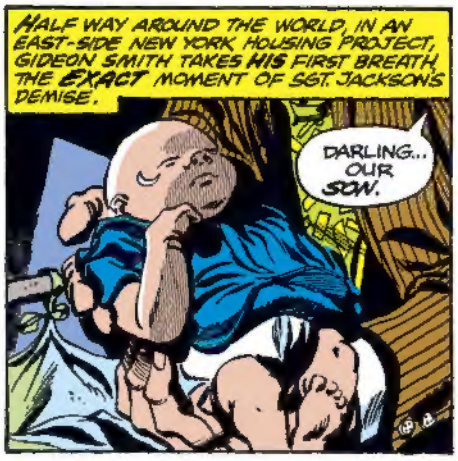

THREE DAYS OUT, THE SEAS PROVE ROUGH TRAVELLING..
BUT MEN, BEING MEN, FIND WAYS TO CALM THEIR TURBULENT SOULS...

I'M OUT... NOTHING I CAN DO, IT SEEMS.
TOO BAD, SMITH. I'VE A STRAIGHT FLUSH.
THE DEVIL, YOU SAY. I SAW YOU REMOVE A CARD FROM YOUR SLEEVE.

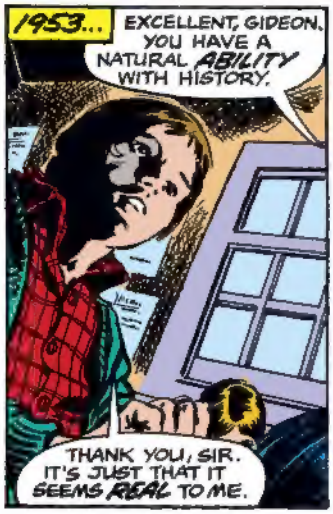
I BELIEVE, SIR, THAT YOU HAVE ATTEMPTED TO CHEAT US OUT OF OUR MONEY.

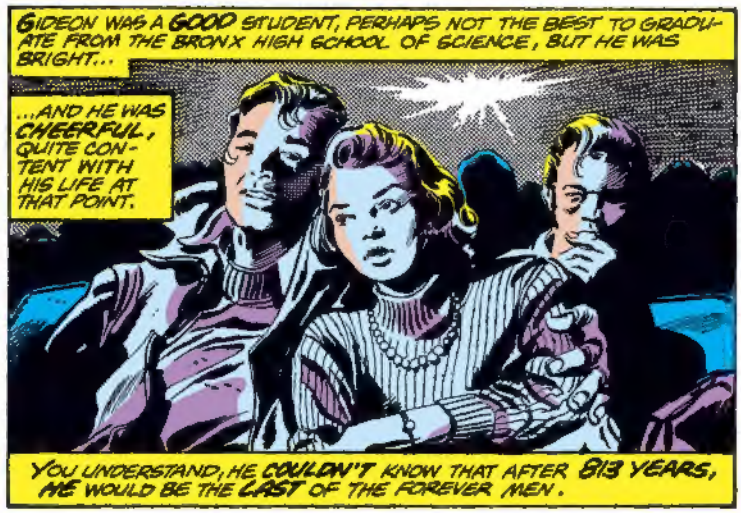

MOVE OVER, SMITH. IT'S THAT THIEF I WANT.
EASY, MAN. THERE'S NO NEED TO FIGHT.
PUT DOWN THAT--
BAM
BAM
GIDEON! GIDEON! OH DEAR GOD!
H-HE'S DEAD!
AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN A SMALL COTTAGE IN IRELAND..
AH, MISSUS O'REILLY, YE HAVE A STRONG SON, YE DO. A HEALTHY LAD, HE IS.
I BE THANKIN' YE, DOCTOR--
--AND I THINK I SHALL BE GIVIN' HIM THE NAME OF ME LATE DARLIN' HUSBAND--PATRICK J.
AND SO IT GOES, DOWN THROUGHOUT THE LONG YEARS AND THE HARD-FOUGHT CENTURIES. ONE CHILD, FULLY GROWN--DIES. ELSEWHERE, ANOTHER IS BORN.
PATRICK O'REILLY GIVES WAY TO FRANKLIN X. POMERANZE. HE IS BORN SEPTEMBER 8, 1820, WHEN PATRICK TAKES A BULLET IN THE BACK OF HIS BRAIN.
1820
1860
BAM
FRANKLIN, TOO, DIES, VICTIM OF AN ANGRY SHERIFF SHOOTING A RUNAWAY THIEF.

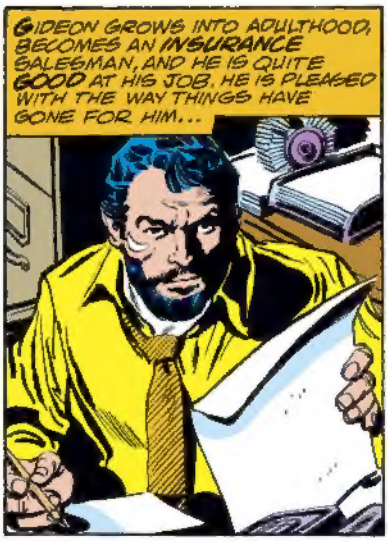

A DUEL, FOUGHT OUTSIDE PARIS, OVER THE HAND OF THE LOVELY ANGELIQUE DE BUSSI, ENDS THE LIFE OF GENTLEMEN ROGER PERRY-VAN DUMANN, AND BRINGS INTO THE WORLD AN AMERICAN NAMED CLARK JACKSON.
KAT TAT TAT TAT
JACKSON, BORN IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, MADE A GOOD LIFE FOR HIMSELF AS A SCREEN ACTOR UNTIL WORLD WAR TWO CUT HIS LIFE SHORT. THAT WAS MAY 8TH, 1945.

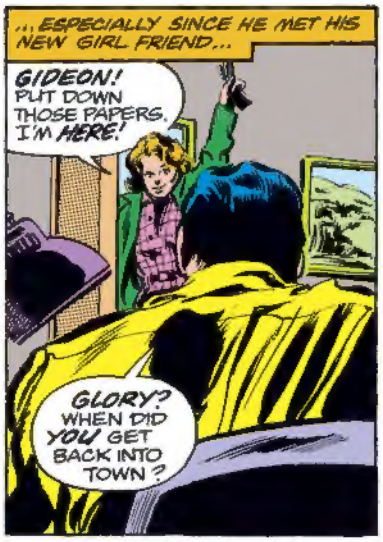

HALF WAY AROUND THE WORLD, IN AN EAST-SIDE NEW YORK HOUSING PROJECT, GIDEON SMITH TAKES HIS FIRST BREATH, THE EXACT MOMENT OF SGT. JACKSON'S DEMISE.
DARLING... OUR SON.

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, HONEY, SOMETHING TELLS ME GIDEON IS GOING TO BE VERY IMPORTANT SOME DAY.
VERY IMPORTANT, INDEED.

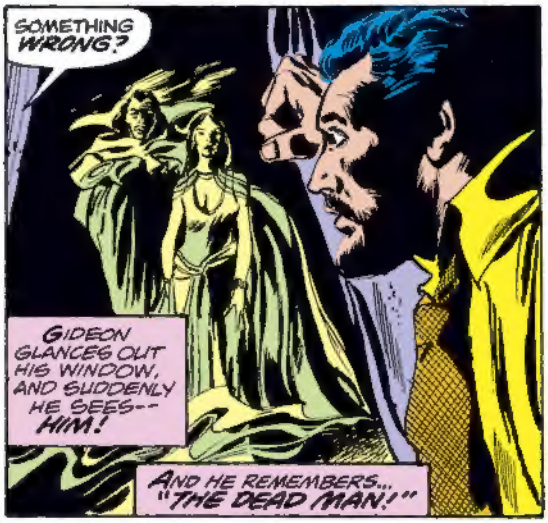

1953...
EXCELLENT, GIDEON. YOU HAVE A NATURAL ABILITY WITH HISTORY.
THANK YOU, SIR. IT'S JUST THAT IT SEEMS REAL TO ME.


GIDEON WAS A GOOD STUDENT, PERHAPS NOT THE BEST TO GRADUATE FROM THE BRONX HIGH SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, BUT HE WAS BRIGHT...
...AND HE WAS CHEERFUL, QUITE CONTENT WITH HIS LIFE AT THAT POINT.
YOU UNDERSTAND, HE COULDN'T KNOW THAT AFTER 613 YEARS, HE WOULD BE THE LAST OF THE FOREVER MEN.

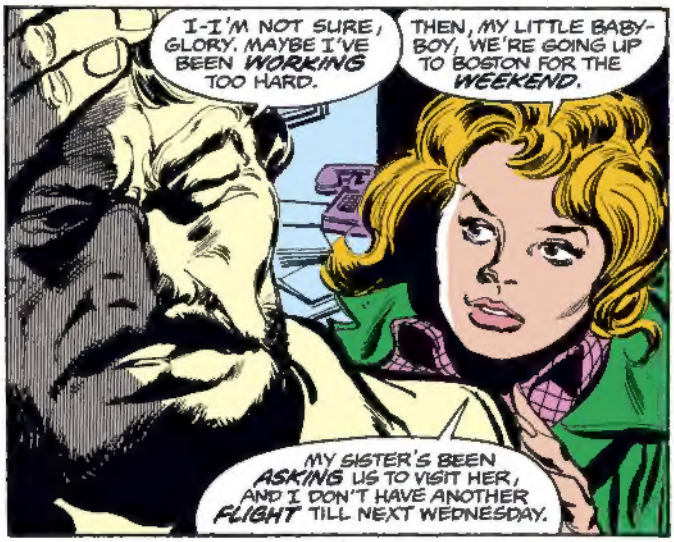

GIDEON GROWS INTO ADULTHOOD, BECOMES AN INSURANCE SALESMAN, AND HE IS QUITE GOOD AT HIS JOB. HE IS PLEASED WITH THE WAY THINGS HAVE GONE FOR HIM...


...ESPECIALLY SINCE HE MET HIS NEW GIRL FRIEND...
GIDEON! PUT DOWN THOSE PAPERS. I'M HERE!
GLORY? WHEN DID YOU GET BACK INTO TOWN?

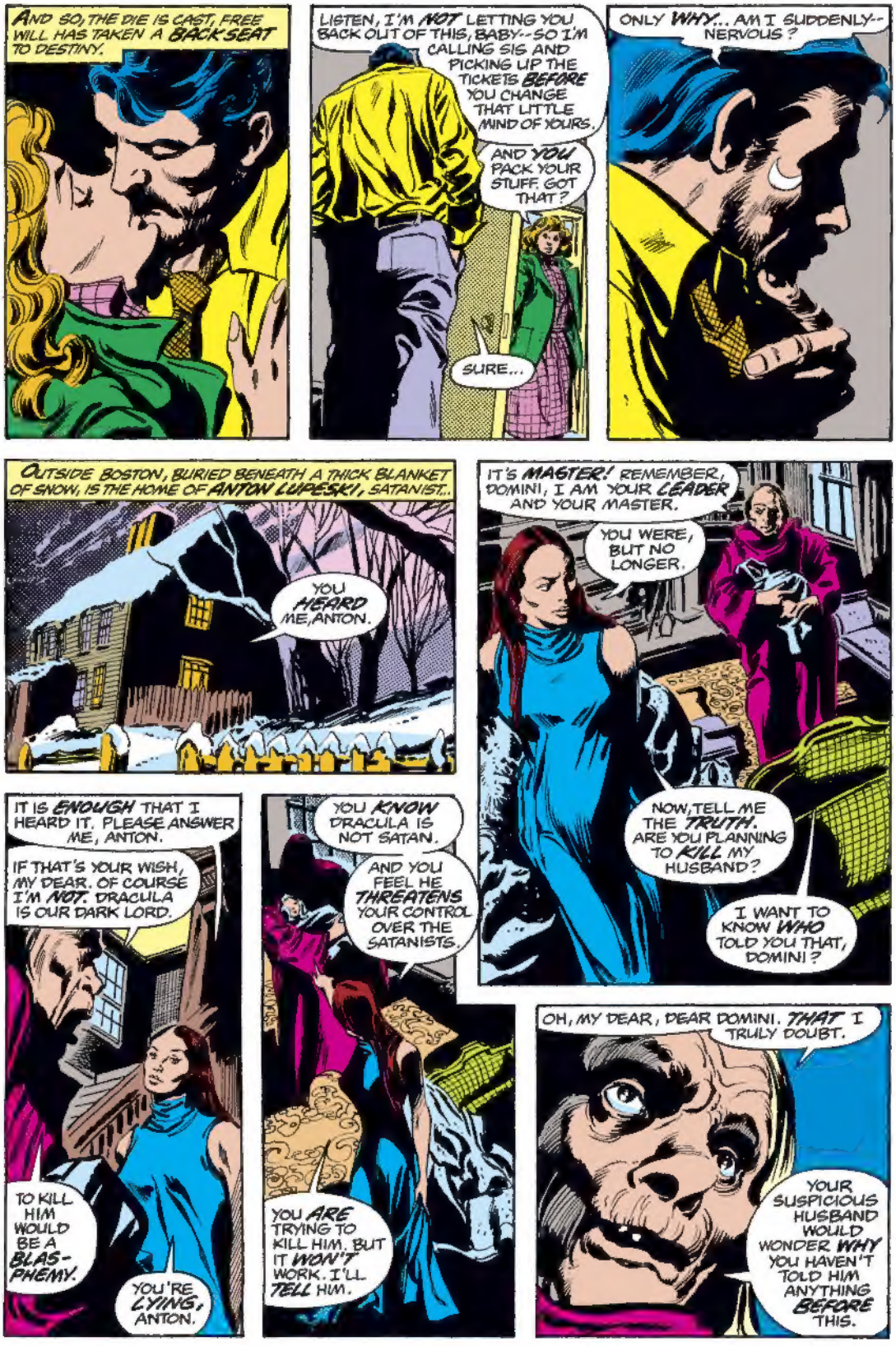
TEN MINUTES AGO, MY HANDSOME BABY-BOY.
AND ALREADY I MISS BEING SMOTHERED WITH KISSES.
HEY! YOU'RE NOT SMOTHERING ME.

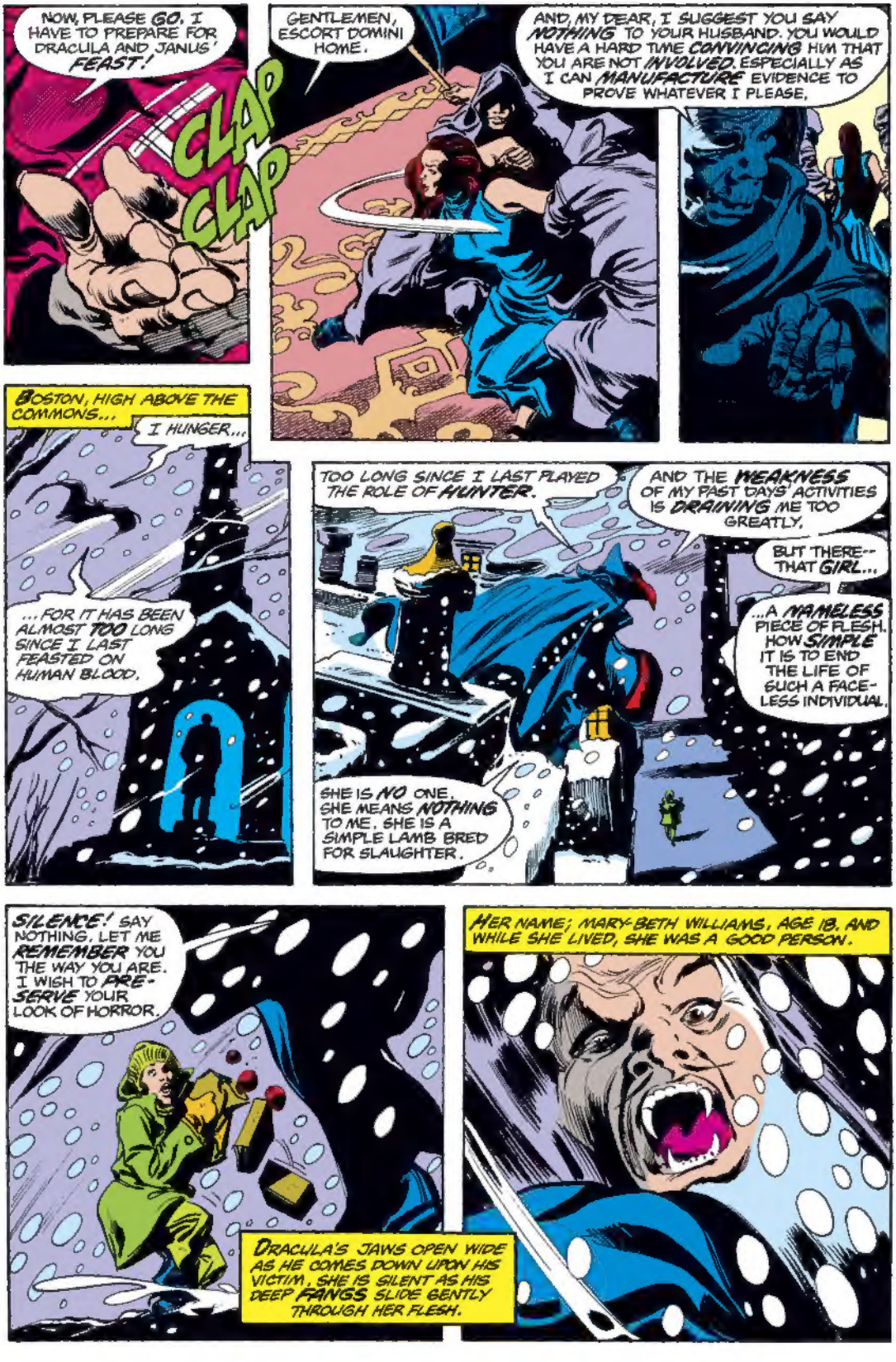

SOMETHING WRONG?
GIDEON GLANCES OUT HIS WINDOW, AND SUDDENLY HE SEES-- HIM!
AND HE REMEMBERS... "THE DEAD MAN!"

AND FROM ACROSS AN ENDLESS GULF, THEIR EYES MEET!
"THE DEAD MAN!"
GIDEON IS SUDDENLY SCARED FOR HIS LIFE. BUT THE PROBLEM IS -- HE ISN'T QUITE SURE WHY.


I-I'M NOT SURE, GLORY. MAYBE I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD.
THEN, MY LITTLE BABY-BOY, WE'RE GOING UP TO BOSTON FOR THE WEEKEND.
MY SISTER'S BEEN ASKING US TO VISIT HER, AND I DON'T HAVE ANOTHER FLIGHT TILL NEXT WEDNESDAY.

SO, UNLESS YOU CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING TO SPOIL EVERYTHING, WHAT DO YOU SAY?
WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, GLORY--
--WHAT CAN I SAY?

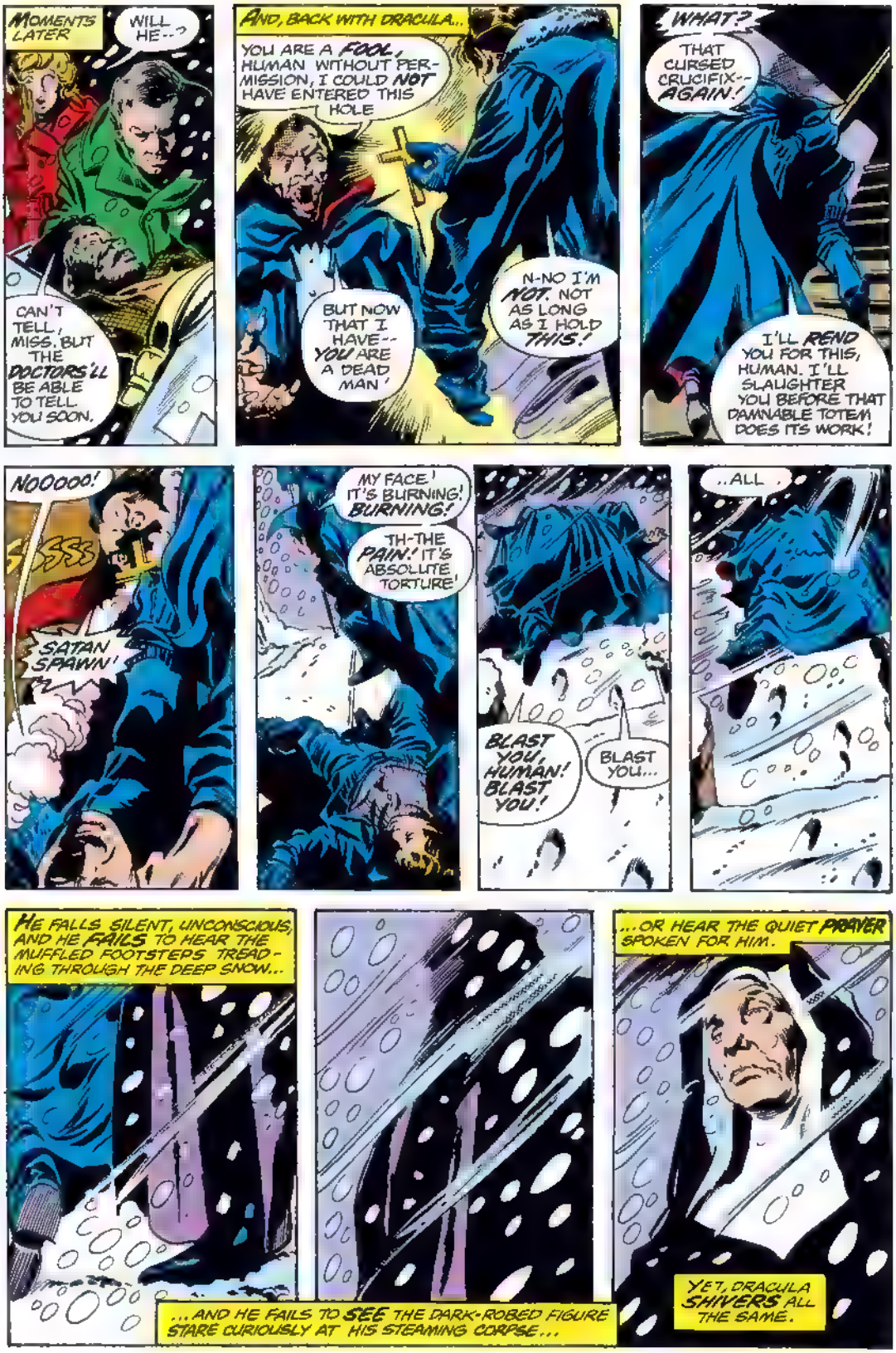

AND SO, THE DIE IS CAST, FREE WILL HAS TAKEN A BACK SEAT TO DESTINY.
LISTEN, I'M NOT LETTING YOU BACK OUT OF THIS, BABY--SO I'M CALLING SIS AND PICKING UP THE TICKETS BEFORE YOU CHANGE THAT LITTLE MIND OF YOURS.
AND YOU PACK YOUR STUFF. GOT THAT?
SURE...
ONLY WHY... AM I SUDDENLY-- NERVOUS?
OUTSIDE BOSTON, BURIED BENEATH A THICK BLANKET OF SNOW, IS THE HOME OF ANTON LUPESKI, SATANIST..
YOU HEARD ME, ANTON.
IT'S MASTER! REMEMBER, DOMINI, I AM YOUR LEADER AND YOUR MASTER.
YOU WERE, BUT NO LONGER.
NOW, TELL ME THE TRUTH. ARE YOU PLANNING TO KILL MY HUSBAND?
I WANT TO KNOW WHO TOLD YOU THAT, DOMINI?
IT IS ENOUGH THAT I HEARD IT. PLEASE ANSWER ME, ANTON.
IF THAT'S YOUR WISH, MY DEAR. OF COURSE I'M NOT. DRACULA IS OUR DARK LORD.
TO KILL HIM WOULD BE A BLAS-PHEMY.
YOU'RE LYING, ANTON.
YOU KNOW DRACULA IS NOT SATAN.
AND YOU FEEL HE THREATENS YOUR CONTROL OVER THE SATANISTS.
YOU ARE TRYING TO KILL HIM. BUT IT WON'T WORK. I'LL TELL HIM.
OH, MY DEAR, DEAR DOMINI. THAT I TRULY DOUBT.
YOUR SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND WOULD WONDER WHY YOU HAVEN'T TOLD HIM ANYTHING BEFORE THIS.


NOW, PLEASE GO. I HAVE TO PREPARE FOR DRACULA AND JANUS' FEAST!
CLAP CLAP
GENTLEMEN, ESCORT DOMINI HOME.
AND, MY DEAR, I SUGGEST YOU SAY NOTHING TO YOUR HUSBAND. YOU WOULD HAVE A HARD TIME CONVINCING HIM THAT YOU ARE NOT INVOLVED, ESPECIALLY AS I CAN MANUFACTURE EVIDENCE TO PROVE WHATEVER I PLEASE.
BOSTON, HIGH ABOVE THE COMMONS...
I HUNGER...
...FOR IT HAS BEEN ALMOST TOO LONG SINCE I LAST FEASTED ON HUMAN BLOOD.
TOO LONG SINCE I LAST PLAYED THE ROLE OF HUNTER.
AND THE WEAKNESS OF MY PAST DAYS' ACTIVITIES IS DRAINING ME TOO GREATLY.
BUT THERE-- THAT GIRL...
...A NAMELESS PIECE OF FLESH. HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO END THE LIFE OF SUCH A FACELESS INDIVIDUAL.
SHE IS NO ONE. SHE MEANS NOTHING TO ME. SHE IS A SIMPLE LAMB BRED FOR SLAUGHTER.
SILENCE! SAY NOTHING. LET ME REMEMBER YOU THE WAY YOU ARE. I WISH TO PRESERVE YOUR LOOK OF HORROR.
HER NAME; MARY-BETH WILLIAMS, AGE 18, AND WHILE SHE LIVED, SHE WAS A GOOD PERSON.
DRACULA'S JAWS OPEN WIDE AS HE COMES DOWN UPON HIS VICTIM. SHE IS SILENT AS HIS DEEP FANGS SLIDE GENTLY THROUGH HER FLESH.

WHILE...
BOSTON DURING WINTER. I LOVE IT!
YOU'RE A MASOCHIST, GLORY. IT'S FREEZING!
HEY, THERE'S CINDY.
CINDY! OVER HERE!
GLORY! GIDEON! YOU'RE LOOKIN' GOOD, YOU TWO.
YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY HAMBURGER YOURSELF, SIS.
SHORTLY...
THIS IS IT, GROUP HOME! I ALSO CALL IT CASTLE DRACULA!
W-WHAT?
YOU KNOW, THE GUY FROM THE MOVIES. THE SPOOKY CASTLE CHRIS LEE LIVES IN.
WELL, THIS DUMP SQUEAKS JUST LIKE HIS PLACE, SO I CALL IT MY CASTLE DRACULA.
C'MON IN. I VANT TO SUCK YOUR BLUD!
I GOTTA BE CRACKING UP I SIMPLY GOT TO BE!
SOMETHING'S WRONG. WHY DOES EVEN THAT BOTHER ME?
C'MON, PAL-- SNAP OUT OF IT. THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A MINI-VACATION!
WHILE...
MISTER! I HEARD A GIRL SCREAM. WHAT--
OH MY LORD!
GET BACK, HUMAN. BACK WHILE I COMPLETE MY TASK.
J-JACK! GET OUT HERE!

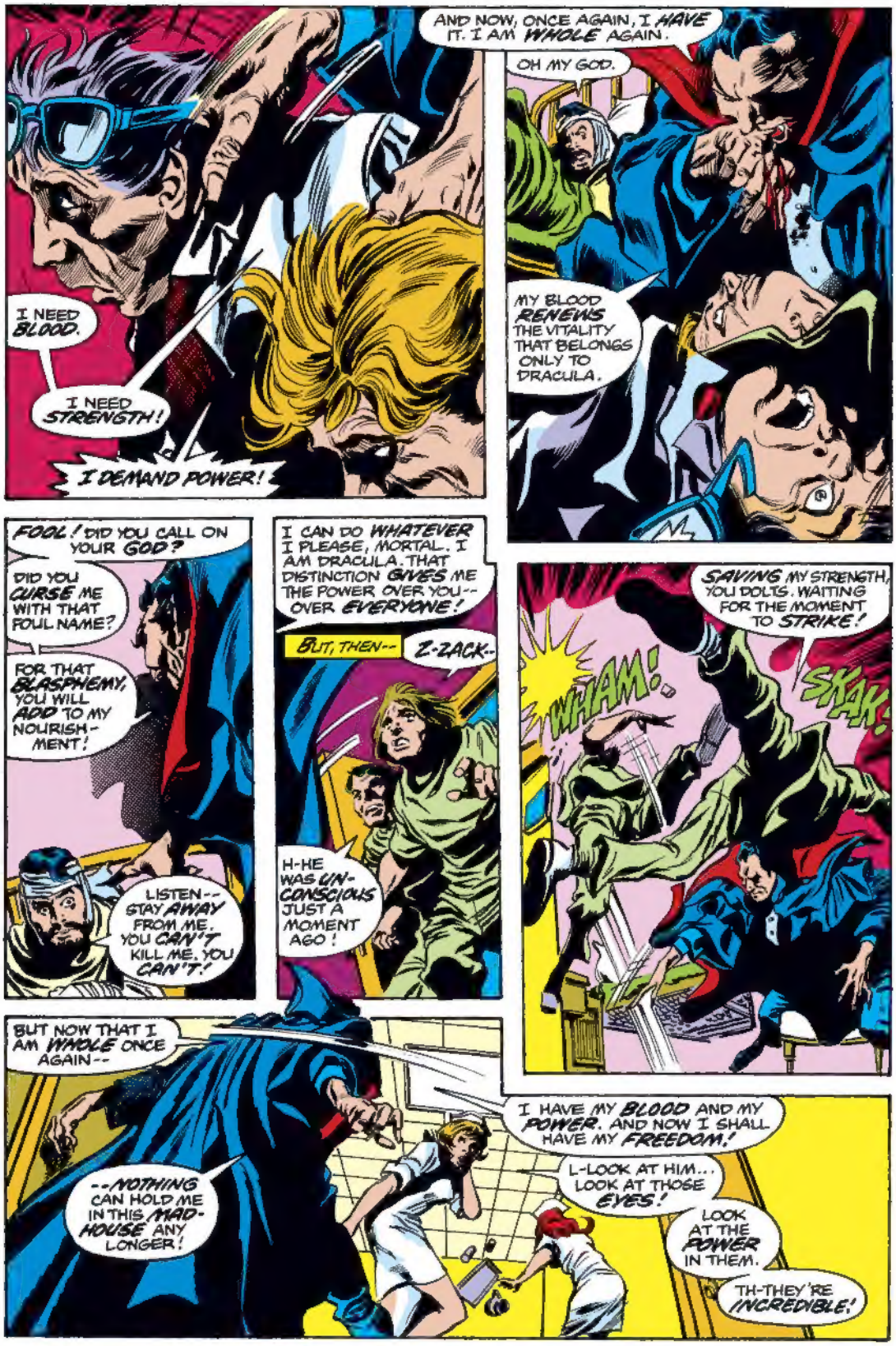
LORD! THE BULLETS ARE GOING RIGHT THROUGH HIM!
H-HE'S NOT STOPPING!
BAM
BAM
FOOL! DOLT! CRETIN! I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE!
BUT NOW--
--YOU BOTH WILL SUPPLY THE ADDED BLOOD I NEED TO REGAIN MY FABLED STRENGTH!
GOTTA RUN! THAT GUY'S A MANIAC!
AND I DON'T WANNA STAY HERE AND FIND OUT HE'S WHAT I THINK HE IS.
HOME! THANK GOD FOR THAT.
I'M SAFE... BUT FOR HOW LONG.
YET...IF THE LEGENDS I HEARD AS A KID ARE TRUE--MAYBE...
THE DOOR CLOSED SHUT? THEN I CAN NOT ENTER.
DAMN HIM! IT'S MY CURSE THAT ALWAYS I MUST BE INVITED TO ENTER A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.
SLAM
OPEN THIS DOOR, FOOL!
COME OUT HERE, HUMAN! FILTH! COWARD!
THUMP
FACE ME LIKE A MAN!

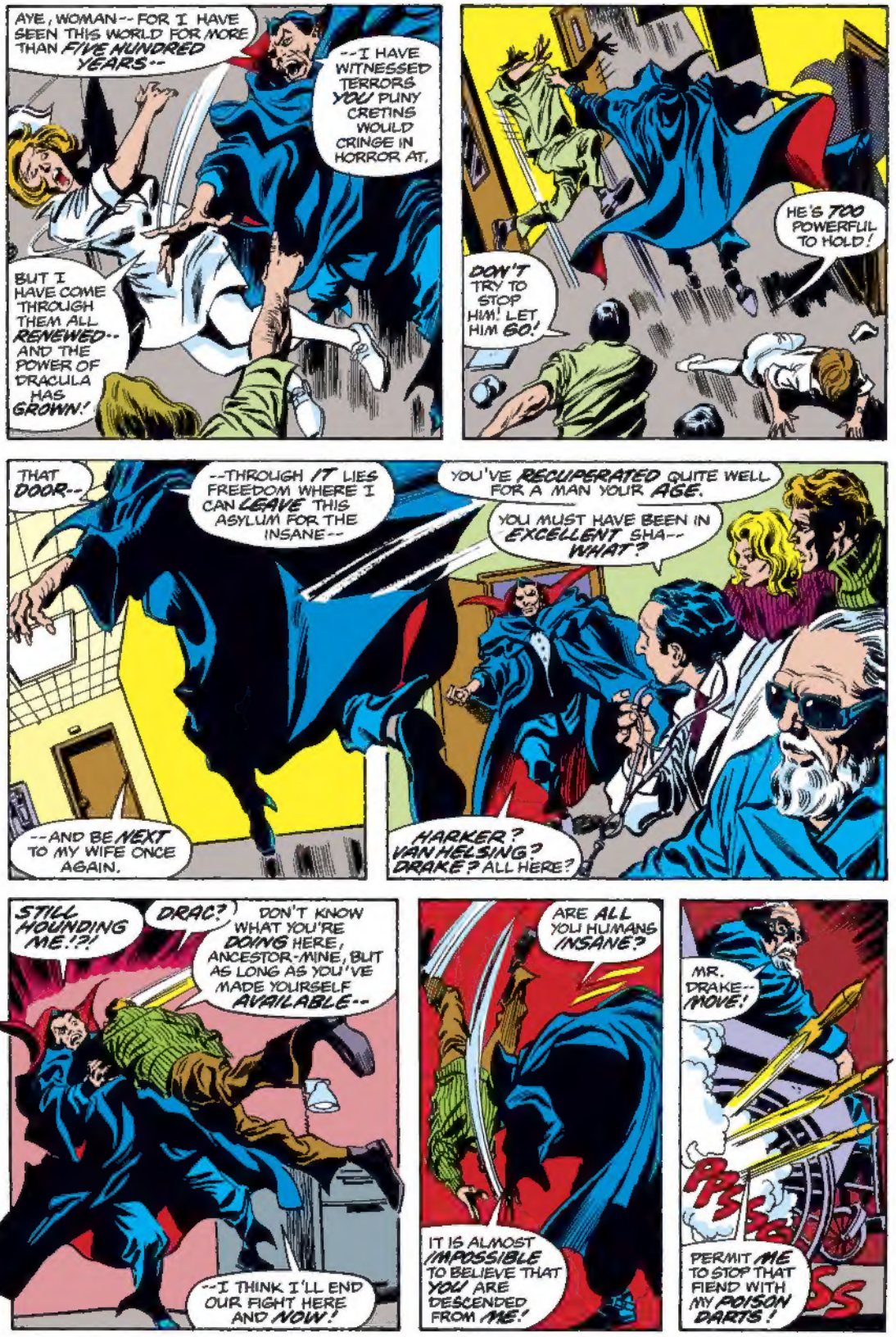
HE THINK I'M CRAZY? HE'LL KILL ME.
UNLESS..
OPEN IT, I SAY! YOU HEAR ME, MORTAL? OPEN IT!
A-ALL RIGHT. COME IN.. ENTER.
THE FOOL!
AND...
WELL, YOU TWO COMING?
JUST GETTING OUR BAGS, CINDY.
TWO BLOCKS AWAY...
..HIC .. SEEYA MONDAY, FREDDY. HIC
HEY, CLARK. YOU SURE YOU WANNA DRIVE -- LIKE THAT?
SURE, BUDDY, HIC .. WHY NOT?
..THEY .. HIC... T'INK I'M DRUNK HECK, I... HIC... I'M SOBER AS A FISH...
...HIC
GIDEON! LOOK OUT! THAT CAR!
OH MY LORD!
WHUMP


MOMENTS LATER
WILL HE--?
CAN'T TELL, MISS. BUT THE DOCTORS'LL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU SOON.
AND, BACK WITH DRACULA...
YOU ARE A FOOL, HUMAN WITHOUT PERMISSION, I COULD NOT HAVE ENTERED THIS HOLE
BUT NOW THAT I HAVE-- YOU ARE A DEAD MAN!
N-NO I'M NOT. NOT AS LONG AS I HOLD THIS!
WHAT?
THAT CURSED CRUCIFIX-- AGAIN!
I'LL REND YOU FOR THIS, HUMAN. I'LL SLAUGHTER YOU BEFORE THAT DAMNABLE TOTEM DOES ITS WORK!
NOOOOO!
SSSS
SATAN SPAWN!
MY FACE! IT'S BURNING! BURNING!
TH-THE PAIN! IT'S ABSOLUTE TORTURE!
BLAST YOU, HUMAN! BLAST YOU!
BLAST YOU...
..ALL
HE FALLS SILENT, UNCONSCIOUS, AND HE FAILS TO HEAR THE MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS TREADING THROUGH THE DEEP SNOW...
...AND HE FAILS TO SEE THE DARK-ROBED FIGURE STARE CURIOUSLY AT HIS STEAMING CORPSE...
...OR HEAR THE QUIET PRAYER SPOKEN FOR HIM.
YET, DRACULA SHIVERS ALL THE SAME.

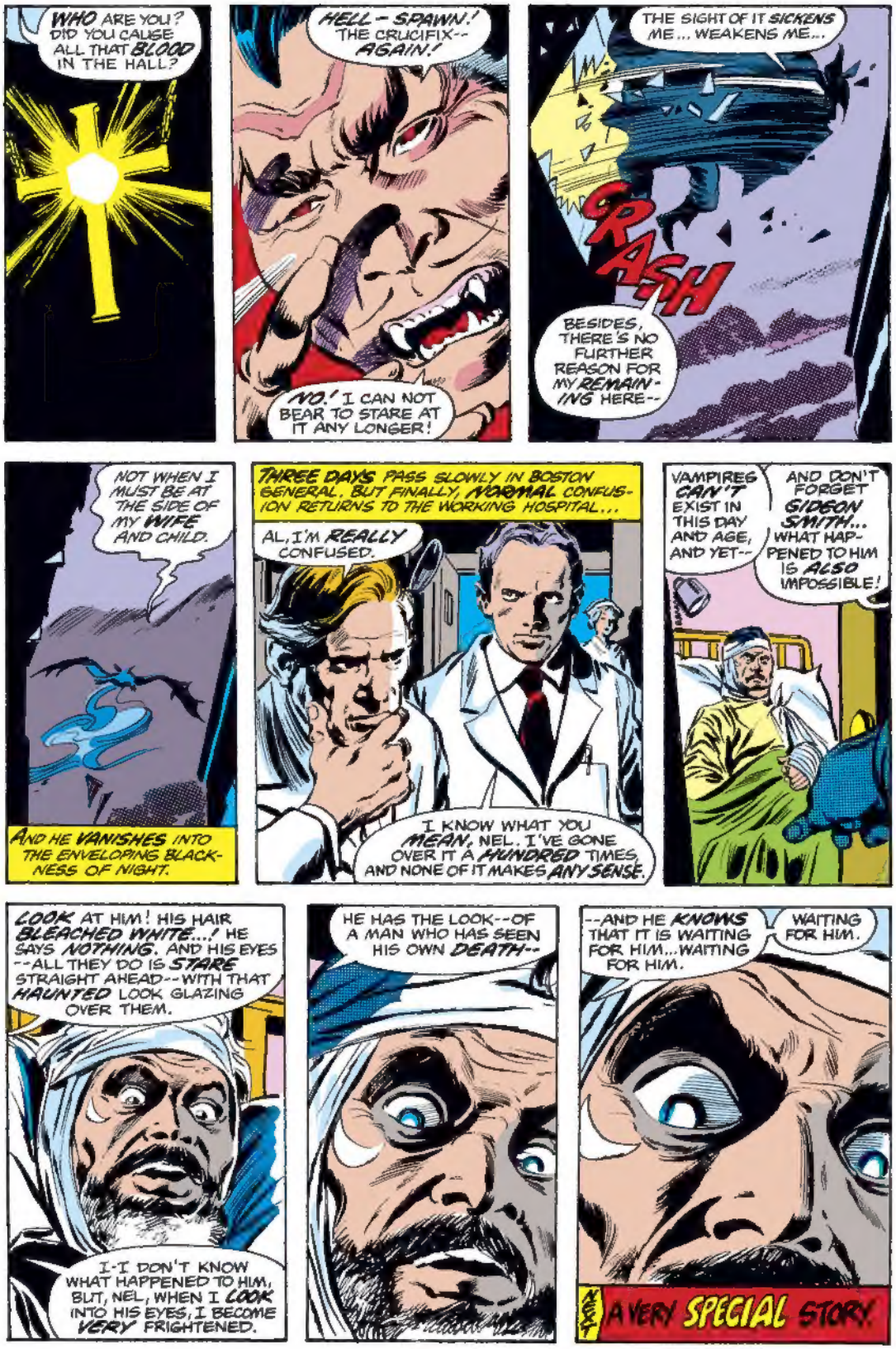
THREE HOURS LATER AT BOSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL...
GOOD MORNING, SIR YOU'RE AWAKE, AND WELL, I SEE.
HUNH? WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU WERE IN AN ACCIDENT, MR SMITH. NOTHING SERIOUS, THANK THE LORD.
YOUR FRIENDS LEFT ABOUT AN HOUR AGO--WE SENT THEM HOME TO GET SLEEP.
WELL, I SEE I'M BEING KEPT CAPTIVE HERE SAY, WHO'S MY ROOMIE?
WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE. THERE WAS NO IDENTIFICATION ON HIM. BUT HE WAS A BURN VICTIM, AND QUITE AN UNUSUAL ONE AT THAT.
OUTSIDE, IN THE CORRIDOR...
CAN'T FIGURE THAT ONE OUT, SID.
STILL THE EMERGENCY BURN?
YOU KNOW IT. I COULDN'T FIND A PULSE--ANYWHERE, AND I CAN'T GET AN X-RAY OF HIM.
SURE YOU'RE NOT DRINKING, JACK?
NEVER ON DUTY, SID. AND YOU KNOW THAT.
BUT IT'S MADDENING. THIS IS THE THIRD BLANK X-RAY I'VE TAKEN OF HIM
AND, TO BOOT, HE'S GETTING WEAKER BY THE MOMENT.
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M TAKING ONE MORE BLOOD TEST, THEN I'M CALLING IT QUITS!
PRIVATE PRACTICE KEEPS LOOKING BETTER ALL THE TIME, BUDDY. ALL THE TIME.
NIGHT.
..DOMINI ..DOMINI ..
HEY, TAKE IT EASY, FRIEND. NO ONE'S HERE BUT US HIT-AND-RUN VICTIMS
BUT IT'S GOOD TO HAVE COMPANY AGAIN SOMEONE TO TALK TO
THE NUNS HERE AT "OUR LADY OF SERVICE" ARE NOT GREAT CONVERSATIONALISTS.

MEANWHILE...
C'MON, I'M CUTTING HIS BANDAGES, MAYBE WE'LL LEARN SOMETHING.
IT'LL KEEP ME FROM GOING STARK RAVING BAZONKAS, ANYWAY.
HIYA, DOCS. SAY, WHEN AM I GETTING OUT OF THIS CRIPPLE WARD?
WE'LL LET YOU KNOW, MR. SMITH. TILL THEN--REST.
"REST," HE SAYS. IT'S NOT EASY, DOC. NOT WHEN YOUR ROOMMATE'S A GUY WHO ONLY WANTS TO MUMBLE "DOMINI... DOMINI..." WHATEVER THAT IS.
LOOK, NO SCARS. BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
REMOVE ALL THE BANDAGES, JACK. MAYBE THE BURNS ARE LOWER.
WHAT? NOTHING? NO BURNS... NO SCARS. HE'S AS CLEAN AS A NEW-BORN BABE.
BUT HOW? NOW?
OH NO!
MEMORIES. THE FACE... THE FAKIR... THE WARNING!
OH MY LORD... MY GOD!
"YOU WILL RETURN-- UNTIL THE TIME YOU MEET THE DEAD MAN!"
HE'S MY KILLER! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!
GET ME OUTTA HERE! DO YOU HEAR ME?
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? HE'S GOING CRAZY?!
EH--?
DON'T KNOW! BUT GET HIM A TRANQUIL-IZER--FAST!


I NEED BLOOD.
I NEED STRENGTH!
I DEMAND POWER!
AND NOW, ONCE AGAIN, I HAVE IT. I AM WHOLE AGAIN.
OH MY GOD.
MY BLOOD RENEWS THE VITALITY THAT BELONGS ONLY TO DRACULA.
FOOL! DID YOU CALL ON YOUR GOD?
DID YOU CURSE ME WITH THAT FOUL NAME?
FOR THAT BLASPHEMY, YOU WILL ADD TO MY NOURISHMENT!
LISTEN-- STAY AWAY FROM ME. YOU CAN'T KILL ME. YOU CAN'T.
I CAN DO WHATEVER I PLEASE, MORTAL. I AM DRACULA. THAT DISTINCTION GIVES ME THE POWER OVER YOU-- OVER EVERYONE!
BUT, THEN--
Z-ZACK--
H-HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS JUST A MOMENT AGO!
SAVING MY STRENGTH, YOU DOLTS. WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO STRIKE!
WHAM!
SKAK!
BUT NOW THAT I AM WHOLE ONCE AGAIN--
--NOTHING CAN HOLD ME IN THIS MADHOUSE ANY LONGER!
I HAVE MY BLOOD AND MY POWER. AND NOW I SHALL HAVE MY FREEDOM!
L-LOOK AT HIM... LOOK AT THOSE EYES!
LOOK AT THE POWER IN THEM.
TH-THEY'RE INCREDIBLE!


AYE, WOMAN-- FOR I HAVE SEEN THIS WORLD FOR MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS--
--I HAVE WITNESSED TERRORS YOU PUNY CRETINS WOULD CRINGE IN HORROR AT.
BUT I HAVE COME THROUGH THEM ALL RENEWED-- AND THE POWER OF DRACULA HAS GROWN!
HE'S 700 POWERFUL TO HOLD!
DON'T TRY TO STOP HIM! LET HIM GO!
THAT DOOR--
--THROUGH IT LIES FREEDOM WHERE I CAN LEAVE THIS ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE--
--AND BE NEXT TO MY WIFE ONCE AGAIN.
YOU'VE RECUPERATED QUITE WELL FOR A MAN YOUR AGE.
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN IN EXCELLENT SHA-- WHAT?
HARKER? VAN HELSING? DRAKE? ALL HERE?
STILL HOUNDING ME!?!
DRAC?
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE, ANCESTOR-MINE, BUT AS LONG AS YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF AVAILABLE--
--I THINK I'LL END OUR FIGHT HERE AND NOW!
ARE ALL YOU HUMANS INSANE?
IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE DESCENDED FROM ME!
MR. DRAKE-- MOVE!
PERMIT ME TO STOP THAT FIEND WITH MY POISON DARTS!

AS USUAL, HARKER--YOUR INGENIOUS LITTLE GADGETS PROVE USELESS AGAINST ME!
VUUP
UNGGHHH!
QUINCY! OH MY LORD! HE'S HAVING ANOTHER ATTACK!
...MY CHEST... IT'S ON FIRE... PAIN... PAIN...
BAH! YOU'RE ALREADY DYING, OLD MAN. HARDLY WORTH THE TROUBLE OF MY SLAYING YOU.
BUT I'LL RETURN SOON--TO ATTEND YOUR FUNERAL!
ONLY WAY YOU'LL RETURN, FANGS--IS AS A GHOST!
'CAUSE MAN, I'M FED UP TO MY EYEBALLS WITH YOU.
IDIOT! HOW CAN YOU FOLLOW ONE WHO CAN INSTANTLY METAMORPHASIZE INTO THE MIDNIGHT BAT!
AND RETURN TO THE ONE WHO BEGAN THIS MADNESS IN THE FIRST PLACE.
HUMAN--
--YOUR CRIES STARTED THIS, YOU CALLED THESE PEOPLE TO ME.
FOR THAT--YOU WILL DIE!
NO!
NOOO!
EEEEEEAAGH
MR. SMITH, IS THERE ANYTHING--WRONG?
L-LORD! THAT MAN!


WHO ARE YOU? DID YOU CAUSE ALL THAT BLOOD IN THE HALL?
HELL – SPAWN! THE CRUCIFIX-- AGAIN!
NO! I CAN NOT BEAR TO STARE AT IT ANY LONGER!
THE SIGHT OF IT SICKENS ME... WEAKENS ME...
CRASH
BESIDES, THERE'S NO FURTHER REASON FOR MY REMAINING HERE--
NOT WHEN I MUST BE AT THE SIDE OF MY WIFE AND CHILD.
AND HE VANISHES INTO THE ENVELOPING BLACKNESS OF NIGHT.
THREE DAYS PASS SLOWLY IN BOSTON GENERAL. BUT FINALLY, NORMAL CONFUSION RETURNS TO THE WORKING HOSPITAL...
AL, I'M REALLY CONFUSED.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, NEL. I'VE GONE OVER IT A HUNDRED TIMES, AND NONE OF IT MAKES ANY SENSE.
VAMPIRES CAN'T EXIST IN THIS DAY AND AGE, AND YET--
AND DON'T FORGET GIDEON SMITH... WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM IS ALSO IMPOSSIBLE!
LOOK AT HIM! HIS HAIR BLEACHED WHITE...! HE SAYS NOTHING. AND HIS EYES --ALL THEY DO IS STARE STRAIGHT AHEAD--WITH THAT HAUNTED LOOK GLAZING OVER THEM.
I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, BUT, NEL, WHEN I LOOK INTO HIS EYES, I BECOME VERY FRIGHTENED.
HE HAS THE LOOK--OF A MAN WHO HAS SEEN HIS OWN DEATH--
--AND HE KNOWS THAT IT IS WAITING FOR HIM...WAITING FOR HIM.
WAITING FOR HIM.
NEXT A VERY SPECIAL STORY.